

BATAVIA: N: 6.
24

Or the

Hollander displayed :

Being

*Three Weeks Observations of the
Low Country, especially Holland.*

In

Brief Characters & Observations

Of

The People & Country, the Gouver-
nement of their State & private
Families, their Virtues and
Vices.

Also

A perfect Description of the
PEOPLE & COUNTRY

Of

SCOTLAND.

AMSTERDAM,

Printed by Steven Swart, Book-seller
near the Exchange, in the Crowned Bible, 1675.

DATA

18th Century

being

The History of the
County of Kent

and of the City of Canterbury

The People & the County

from the first Settlement
to the present Time

By

A. B. D.

PEOPLE & COUNTRY

COTTON

ALSTON

1790

1791



To the
R E A D E R.

AS I live Gentlemen, I am amaz'd how any piece could be made such minc't meat as this hath been by a twice-printed Copy, which I find flying obroad to abuse the Author, who long since travelling for Companies-sake, with a Friend into the Low-Countreys, would needs for his own Recreation, write this Essay of them, as he then found them: I am sure as far from ever thinking to have it publick, as he was from any private spleen to the Nation, or any person in it; for I have moved him often to Print it, but could never get his consent, his modesty ever esteeming it among his puerilia, and (as he said) a piece to light for a Prudential man to pu-

To the Reader.

lish: the truth is, it was meerly occasional in his youth, and the time so little, that he had for observation (his stay) there not being above three weeks) that it could not well be expected, he should say more, and though the former part be jocular and sportive, yet the seriousness of the latter part renders the Character no way injurious to the people. And now finding some ruffled Feathers only presented for the whole Bird, and having a perfect Copy by me, I have presumed to trespass so much upon the Author as to give it you (in vindication of him) so as I am confident it was dressed by his own Pen. And after I have begged his Pardon for exposing it without his Warrant, I shall leave you to judg by comparing this and the former Impressions, whether or no he hath not been abused sufficiently.



Three Weeks

OBSERVATIONS

of the

Low Countrey;

Eſpecially

HOLLAND.



They are a general *Sea-land*,
The great Bog of *Europe*.
There is not ſuch another
Marsh in the World that's
flat. They are an univerſal
quag-mire epitomiz'd. *A green cheeſe in
pickle*. There is in them an *Equilibrium*,
of mud and Water. A ſtrong Earthquake
would ſhake them to a *Chaos*, from which
the ſucceſſive force of the *Sun*, rather than
Creation, hath a little emended them.
They are the ingredients of a black Pud-
ding, and want only ſtirring together.

Marry 't is best making on't in a dry summer, else you will have more blood then grist; and then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to tread it under *Zona Torrida*, and so dry it for Turfs.

Sayes one, it affords the People one commodity beyond all the other Regions; if they die in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell then the rest of their Neighbours. And for this cause, perhaps all strange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their Center. Besides, their Tiches shews them to be *Pluto's* Tegion, and you all know what part that was which the Poëts did of old assign him. Here is *Styx*, *Acheron*, *Cocytus*, and the rest of those muddy streams that have made matter for the Fblers. Almost every one is a *Charon* here, and if you have but a *Naulum* to give, you cannot want or Boat or Pilot. To confirm all, let but some of our Separatists be asked, and they shall swear that the *Elizian Fields* are there.

It is an excellent Countrey for a despairing.

spairing Lover: for every corner affords him willow to make a Garland on; but if Justice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree, he may in spite of the sentence live long and confident. If he had rather quench his spirits than suffocate them, so rather chuse to feed Lobsters then Crows; 't is but leaping from his window, and he lights in a Tiver or Sea; for most of their dwellings stand like Privies in moted-houses, hanging still over the water. If none of these cure him, keep him but a Winter in a house without a Stove, and that shall cool him.

The Soile is all fat, though wanting the colour to shew it so; for indeed it is the buttock of the world, full of veins and blood, but no bones in't. Had *St. Steven* been condemn'd to suffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unless it be in their paved Cities, gold is a great deal more plentiful then stones, except it be living ones; and then for their heaviness you may take in almost all the Nation.

'Tis a singular place to fat Monkeys in. There are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moist, abound with these. No creatures; for sure they were bred, not made. Were they but as venomous as rank, to gather herbs were to hazard Martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the *Hesperides* were here, and these the *Dragons* that did guard the.

You may travel the Countrey though you have not a guide: for you cannot baulk your road without the hazard of drowning. There is not there any use of an Harbinger. Where soever men go the way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their walls, *Rome* would be esteemed a bable 20 miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be burried on one of them, where if your fore-man be sober, you may travel in safety, otherwise you must have stronger faith then *Peter* had, else you sink immediately. A starting horse endangers you to two deathes at once, breaking of your nek, and drowning.

If

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the approach of your Waggon shall shake as if it were Ague stricken. *Duke d'Alva's* staring of the tenth penny frightened it into a *Palsie*, which all the *Mountebanks* they have bred since could never tell how to cure.

'Tis indeed but a bridge of swimming earth, or a flag somewhat thicker than ordinary, if the strings crack your course is shortned, you can neither hope for Heaven nor fear Hell, you shall be sure to stick fast between them. Maray if your Faith flow Purgatory height, you may pray if you will for that to cleanse you from the Mud shall foil you.

'Tis a green sod in water, where if the *German Eagle* dares to bath him self, he's glad again to pearch that he may dry his wings.

Some things they do that seem Wonders. 'Tis ordinary to see them Fish for fire in Water, which they catch in Nets and transport to land in their Boats, where they spread it more smoothly then a

Mercer doth his *Velvet* when he would
hook in an heir upon his coming to age.
Thus lying in a field, you would think
you saw a Cattle of green Cheese spread
over with black Butter.

If *Aetna* be Hells mouth or foregate,
sure her e's found the *Postern*. 'Tis the
Port-Esquiline of the World, where the
whole earth doth vent her crude black
gore, which the Inhabitants scrape away
for fuel, as men with spoons do excre-
ments from *Civit-cats*.

Their ordinary Pack-horses are all of
wood, carry their bridles in their tails,
and their burdens in their bellies. A
strong tide and a stiff Gale are the spurs
that make them speedy. When they tra-
vel they stand still they drink up too
much of their way.

There is a Province among them, whe-
re every Woman carries a Cony in a
Lambskin. 'Tis a custom, and not one
that travel ever leaves it behind her. Now
guess if you can what beast that is, which
is clad in a fur both of hair and wool.

They

They dress their meat in *Aqua Celestis* for it springs not as ours from the earth, but comes to them as *Manna* to the *Israelites*, falling from Heaven. This they keep under ground till it stinks, and then they pump it out again for use. So when you wash your Hands with one hand, you had need hold your Nose with the other; for though it be not cordial, 't is certainly a strong Water.

The Elements are here at variance, the subtile overswaying the grosser. The fire consumes the earth, and he air the water. They burn Turffs, and drain their grounds with Windmills: As if the Cholicke were a remedy for the Stone; and they would prove against Philosophy the Worlds conflagration to be natural, even shewing thereby that the very Element of Earth is combustible.

The Land that they have they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard. They have a Method in Mowing. 'Tis so intervein'd with Water and Rivers, that it is impossible to make a Common among

them. Even the *Brownists* are here at a stand, only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never will find. Our Justices would be much at ease although our *English* Poor were still among them : For whatsoever they do, they can break no hedges. Sure had the Wisemen of *Gotham* lived here, they would have studied some other death for their *Cuckow*.

Their Ditches they frame as they list, and distinguish them into nooks, as my Lord Majors *Cook* doth his Custards. Clense them they do often : but 't is as Physicians give their potions, more to Catch the Fish, then cast the Mud out.

Though their Countrey be part of a main land, yet every house almost stands in an Island. And that though a Boor dwell in it, looks as smug as a Lady that hath newly lockt up her colours, and laid by her Irons. A gallant masquing suit fits not more compleat, then a coat of shatch though many years wearing.

If it stand dry 'tis embraced by *Vines*,

as if it were against the nature of a *Dutchman* not to have *Bacchus* his neighbour. If you find it Lower-seated, 'tis only a close Arbor in a plump of *Willows* and *Alders*, pleasant enough while the Dog-days last; but those past once, you must practice wading, or be prisoner till the next Spring-only a hard frost with the help of a Sledge, may release you.

The Bridge to this is an outlandish planck with a box of Stones to poiz it withal, which with the least help turns round like the executioner when he whips off a head. That when the Master is over stands drawn, and then he is in his Castle.

'tis sure his fear that renders him suspicious. That he may therefore certainly see who enters, you shall ever find his window made over his door. But it may be, that is to shew you his Pedigree, for though his Ancestors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in spite of Heraldry) shall bear their Atchievment with a Helmet for a Baron at least Marry

the Field perhaps shall be charged with three baskets, to shew what trade his father was.

Escutcheons are as Plentiful as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald; and he that has but wit enough to invet a Coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the house, the first thing you encounter is a Looking-glass. No question but a true Embleme of politick Hospitalitey; for though it refle& your self in your own figure, 't is yet no longer then while you are there before it. When you are gone once it flatters the next comer, without the least remembrance that you eue were there.

The next are the Vessels of the house marshalled about the room like Warthmen. All as neat as if you were in a Citizens Wives Cabinet; for unless it be themselves, they let none of Gods creatures lose any thing of their native beauty.

Their Houses, especially in their Cities, are the best eye-beauties of their Countrey. For cost and sight they far exceed

exceed our *English*, but they want their Magnificence. Their Lining is yet more rich than their outside, not in hangings but Pictures, which even the poorest are there furnisht with. Not a Cöbler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not besuch another *Bartolomew-Fair* in *Europe*.

Their Artists for these are as rare as thought; for they can paint you a fat hen in her feathers; and if you want the language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their signs; for what they are, they ever write under them. So by this device hang up more honesty than they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets; and those that live loosely need not fear one punishment which often vexes such with us: They may be sure, though they be discovered, they shall not be carted.

All their Merchandise they draw through the streets on Sledges; or as we on Hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their

Their Rooms are but several land-boxes: if so, you must either go out to spit, or blush when you see the Map brought.

Their Beds are no other then Landcabbins, high enough to need a Ladder or stairs. Up once, you are walled in with Wainscot, and that is good Discretion to avoid the trouble of making your will every night; for once failling out else would break your neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this comfort you shall leave your friends, that you di'd in clean Linnen.

Whatsoever their estates be, their houses must be fair. Therefore from *Amsterdam* they have banisht Sea-cole, lest it soil their buildings, of which the statelier sort are somtimes sententious, and in the front carry some conceit of the Owner, As to give you a taste in these.

Christus adjutor meus.

Hoc abdicato perenne quero.

Hic medio tuitus itur.

Every door seems studded with Diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightness, as if rust there were not
a quality

a quality incident to Iron. Their Houses they keep cleaner then their bodies, their bodies then their souls Go to one, you shall find the Andirons shut up in network. At a second, the Warming-pan muffled in *Italian* Cut-work. At a third the Sconce clad in Cambrick. And like a Crown advanced in the middle of the house, for the Woman there is the Head of the Husband, so takes the Horn to her own charge, which she sometimes multiplies, and bestows the increase on her mā.

'Tis true, they are not so ready at this play as the *English*; for neither are they so generally bred to't, nor are their men such Linnen-lifters. Idleness and Courtship has not banisht honesty. They speak more, and do less; yet doth their blood boil high, and their veins are full, which argues strongly that when they will they may take up the custom of entertaining strangers. And having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard they trade more for love then Money, but 'tis of the sport not the man.

man, and therefore when they like the
pastime they will reward the Gamester;
otherwise their gross feed and clownish
breeding hath spoiled them from being
nobly minded. And if you once in pri-
vate discover her private favours or pre-
tend to more than is civil, she falls off li-
ke Fairy wealth disclosed, and turns like
Beer with Lightening to a sowerness,
which neither Art nor Labour can ever
make sweet again.

But this I must give you on report
only; Experience herein hath neither
made me Fool nor Wise.

The People are generally Boorish, yet
none but may be bred to a States-man,
they having all this gift, Not to be so ni-
ce-conscienced, but that they can turn
out Religion to let in Policy.

Their Countrey is the God they wor-
ship. War is their Heaven, Peace is their
Hell, and the *Spaniard* is the Devil they
hate. Custom is their Law, and their
Will Reason.

You may sooner convert a *Few*, than
make

make an ordinary *Dutchman* yield to arguments that cross him. An old Baud is easilier turned Puritan, than a Waggoner perswaded not to bait thrice in 9 miles. And when he doth, his horses must not stir, but have their Manger brought them into the way, where in a topsweat they eat their grasse, and drink their water, and presently after hurry away. For they ever drive as if they were all the Sons of *Nimsby*, and were furiously either pursuing an enemy, or flying him.

His spirits are generated from the *English* Beer, and that makes him headstrong. His Body is built of pickled Herring, and they render him testy: these with a little Butter, Onions, and *Holland* Cheese are the Ingredients of an ordinary *Dutchman*; which a Voyage to the *East-Indies*, with the heat of the *Equinoctial* Consolidates.

If you see him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground and that bladdered him. Viewing him naked, you will pray him to pull off his Masque and
Glo-

Gloves, or wish him to hide his face that he may appear more lovely. For that and his hands are *Egypt*, however his body be *Europe*. He hath exposed them so much to the Sun and Water, as he is now his own disguise, and without a vizard, may serve in any *Antimaske* you put him in.

For their condition they are churlish as their breeder *Neptune*: and without doubt very anciēt; for they were bred before manners were in fashion Yet all they have not they account superfluity, which they say mēdeth some, and marret many.

They should make good Justices, for they respect neither persons nor apparel. A boor in his liquord flop, shall have as much good use as a Courtier in his bravery: Nay more, for he that is but Courtly or Gentile, is among them like a *Merlyn* after *Michaelmas* in the field with *Crowes*. They wonder at and envy, but worship no such Images. Marry with a Silver hook you shall catch these *Gudgeons* presently. The love of gain being to them as natural as water to a Goose, or Carrion to any Kite that flies.

They

They are seldom deceived, for they trust no body; so by consequence are better to hold a fort then win it; yet they can do both. Trust them you must if you travel. For to ask a Bill of particulars, is to purre in a Wasps-nest; you must pay what they ask, as sure as if it were the Assessment of a Subsidy.

Complement is an idleness they were never trained up in, and 'tis their happiness that Court-vanities have not stole away their minds from business.

Their being Sailors and Souldiers have marred two parts already, if they bath once in court oyle they are painted Trapdoors. And shall then let the *Jews* build a City where *Harlem Mere* is, and after cozen 'em on't.

They shall abuse a stranger for nothing, and after a few base terms scotch one another to a *Carbonade*, or as they do their Roaches when they fry them.

Nothing can quiet them but Money and liberty, yet when they have thē they abuse both; but if you tell them so you
awake

awake their fury ; and you may sooneer calm the sea, then conjure that into compass again. Their anger hath no eyes ; and their judgment doth not flow so much from reason as passion and partiality.

They are in a manner all *Aquatices*, and therefore the *Spaniard* calls them water-dogs. To this, though you need not condescend ; yet withal, you may think they can catch you a duck as soon. *Sea-Gulls* do not swim more readily, nor *More-bens* from their nest run sooner to the water. Every thing is so made to swim among them, as it is a question if *Elizeus* his Axe were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but those that do for them ; and when they leave off, they neglect him. They have no friends but their kindred, which at every wedding feast among themselves like tribes.

All that help them not they hold foolish ; and take it for an argument of much honesty, to rail bitterly against the

the King of *Spain*. And certainly, this is the badge of an ill Nature, when they have once cast off the yoke, to be most virulent against those to whom of right they owe respect and service. Grateful dispositions, though by their Lords they be exempt from service, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am confident that had they not been once the Subjects of *Spain*, they would have loved the Nation better. But now out of dying Duties ashes all the Blazes of hostility and flame. And 't is sufficient ground to condemn their eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the lawful subjects off that most Catholick Crown.

Their shipping is the *Babel* which they boast on for the glory of their Nation. 't Is indeed a wonder, and they will have it so. But we may well hope they will never be so mighty by Land, lest they shew us how doggedly they can insult where they get the mastery.

't Is their own *Chronicle*-business, which

which can tell you that at the siege of *Leyden*, a Fort being held by the *Spaniards*, by the *Dutch* was after taken by assault. The Defendants were put to the sword, where one of the *Dutch* in the fury of the slaughter, ript up the Captain's body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet-leaving heart panting among the reeking bowels, then with his teeth rent it still warm with blood into gobbets, which he spitted over the Battlements in defiance to the rest of the Army.

Oh *Tigres* breed ! the *Soythian* Bear could never have been more savage. To be necessitated into cruelty, is a misfortune to th strongly tempted to it ; but to let spleen rave, and mad it in resistless blood, shews nature steepid i'th' livid gall of passion; and beyond all brutishness displays the unnoble Tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Their Navies are the whip of *Spain*, or the Arm wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not bred them so active for the land as some others : But at
Sea

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all then save some, while others perish: but single, they will flag and fear like birds in a bush, when the Sparrow-hawks bells are heard.

A *Turkish* Man of War is as dreadful to them as a *Falcon* to a *Mallard*; from whom their best remedy is to steal away. But if they come to blows, they want the valiant stoutness of the *English*, who will rather expire bravely in a bold resistance, than yield to the lasting slavery of becoming captives to so barbarous an enemy. And this shews, they have not learned yet even Pagan Philosophy, which ever preferred an honourable death before a life thrall'd to perpetual slavery.

- Their Ships lie like high Woods in Winter: and if you view them on the North-side you fricze without hope, for they ride so thick, that you can through them see no Sun to warm you with.

Sailors among them are as common as
B beggars

beggars with us. They can drink, rail, swear, niggle, steal, and be lowfie alike; but examining their use, a mess of their Knaves are worth a million of ours: for they in a boisterous rudeness can work, and live, and toil, whereas ours will rather laze themselves to poverty, and like Cabages left out in Winter, rot away in the lothsomeñess of a nauseous stoth.

Almost all among them are Seamen born, and like frogs can live both on land and water. Not a Countrey-Uriester but can handle an oar, steer a boat, raise a mast, and bear you out in the rougher straits you come in. The Ship she avouches much better for sleep than a bed. Being full of humors, that in her cradle which dulls and rots her to a dull phlegmatickness, most of them looking like full grown Oyster-boild. Slime, humid air, water, and wet diet, have so bagged their cheeks, that some would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The Countreys Governement is a Democracy, and there had need be many to rule

rule such a rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a King, and they could cut your throat in earnest. The very name carries servitude in it, and they hate it more then a Few doth Images, a Woman old age, or a Nonconformist a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their Countrey to Families. They are chosen all as our Kings chuse Sheriffs for the Counties: not for their fin of Wit, but for the Wealth they have to bear it out withal; which they so over-affect, that *Mijn Here* shal walk the Streets as Usurers go to Bawdy-houses, all alone and melancholy. And if they may be had cheap, he will daub his faced cloke with two penniworth of pickled Herrings which him self shall carry home in a string. A common voice hath given him preeminence, and he loses it by living as he did when he was but a Boon. But if you pardon what is past, they are about thinking it time to learn more civility.

There justice is strict, if it cross not policy: but rather then hinder Traffick tolerates anything.

There is not under Heaven such a Den of several Serpents as *Amsterdam* is, you may be what devil you will so you push not the State with your horns.

'Tis an University of all Religions which grow here confusedly (like stocks in a Nursery) without either order or pruning. If you be unsettled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like best. If you fancy none, you have a pattern to follow, of two, that would be a Church to themselves.

't Is the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlers of Religion have leave to vent their toys, their Ribands, and phanatick Rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which *Remists* stick upon them. For (say they) as the *Carnelion* changes into al Colours but white, so they admit of all Religions but the true, for *Papist* only may not exercise his in publick yet his restraint they plead is not in hatred

hatred but justice, because the *Spaniard* abridges the *Protestant*. And they had rather shew a little spleen, then not cry quit with their ennemy. His act is their Warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this reason rather then the *Duinkirks* they take shall not die. *Amsterdam* having none of their own; shall borrow a Hangman from *Harlem*.

Now albeit the *Papists*, do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless *Toleration*, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem then Heaven it self: and had rather cross upon *God* then it. For whosoever disturbs the civil Government is liable to punishment: But the Decrees of Heaven, and Sanctions of the Deity any one may break uncheck't, by professing what false Religion he please. So *Consulary Rome* of old, brought all the stragling gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded superstition paid an adoration to them.

In their Families they all are equals, and you have no way to know the Master and Mistress, but by taking them in bed together. It may be those are they: Otherwise *Malky* can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and sit as well as her Mistress.

Had *Logicians* lived here first, Father and Son had never passed so long for Relatives. They are here Individuals, for no Demonstration of Duty or Authority can distinguish them, as if they were created together, and not born successively. And as for your Mother, bidding her good night, and kissing her, is punctual blessing.

Your Man shall be saucy, and you must not strike; if you do, he shall complain to the *Schout*, and Perhaps have recompence, 'tis a dainty place to please boys in: for your father shall bargain with your Schoolmaster not to whip you: if he doth, he shall revenge it with his knife, and have Law for it.

Their Apparel is civil enough and good

good enough, but very uncomly, & has usually more stasse then shape. Only their *Huykes* are commodious in Winter; but 'tis to be lamented, that they have not wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their Women would have good faces if they did not mar them with making. Their *Ear-wyers* have so nipt in their Cheeks, that you would think some Fairy, to do them a mischief, had pincht them behind with tongs. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead then face.

They love the *English Gentry* well; and when Soldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are *emulous* in chusing of their guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his *Hostess*.

Men and Women are there *starved so blew*, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw *Winter* walking up to the neck in a barrel of *Indigo*:

And therefore they rail at *England* for
 spending no more *blewing*.

Your man among them is else clad to-
 lerably unless he inclines to the Sea-fa-
 shion: and then are his breeches yaw-
 ning at the knees, as if they were about
 to swallow his legs unmercifully.

They are farther from going naked,
 for of a whole woman you can see but
 half a face. As for her hand, that shews
 her a sore Labourer; which you shall
 ever find as it were in recompence loaden
 with Rings to the cracking of her fingers.
 If you look lower; she's a Monkey chain
 d'about the middle, and had rather want
 it in diet, then not have silver links to
 hang her keys in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide great bel-
 lies, but they make them shew so un-
 handsom that men do not care for getting
 them. Marry this you shall find to their
 commendation, their smocks are ever
 whiter then their skin.

Where the Woman lies in, the Ringle
 of the door does penance, and is lapped
 about

for about with linnen, either to shew you that loud knocking may wake the child; or else that for a month the Ring is not to be run at. But if the child be dead, there is thrust out a Nosegay tied to a sticks end; perhaps for an emblem of the life of man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know, that though these fade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock, the next year a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing; but I assure you with them is a great deal more following the fashion; which they will plead for as the ignorant Laity for their faith. They will keep it because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old fault though they discover errors in it, then in an easie change to meet a certain remedy.

For their diet, they eat much and spend little: When they set out a Fleet to the *Indies*, it shall live 3 months on the *Of-fals*, which we here fear would surfeit our swine, yet they feed on't, and are still the same *Dutchmen*.

B 5

In

In their houses Roots and Stockfish are Staple commodities. If they make a feast and add flesh, they have Art to keep it hot more days, then a *Pigs-head* in *Py-corner*. Salt meats and sour Cream they hold him a fool that loves not, only the last they correct with Sugar, and are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as with letting it sour, that they may sweeten it again, as if a woman were not half so pleasing being easily won, as after a scolding fit she comes by man to be calmed again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice hath made them Cooks as good as ere *Lucullus* his latter Kitchen had, which is some recompence for their wilfulness, for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a feast they come readily, but being set once you must have patience. They are longer eating meat then we preparing it. If it be to supper, you conclude timely when you get away by day-break. They drink

and tells his tale, and in a Tavern is more prodigal of his time than his wine. He drinks as if he were shortwinded; and as it were eats his drink by morsels, rather besieging his brains than assaulting them. But the *Englishman* charges home on the sudden, swallows it whole, and like a hasty tide, fills and flows himself till the mad brain swims, and tosses on the hasty fume. As if his Liver were burning out his stomach, and he striving to quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk sooner, and the other longer. As if striving to recover the wager, the *Dutchman* would still be the perfectest foker.

In this Progress you have seen some of their Vices; now view a Fairer Object

So-

Solomon tells of four things
that are small and full of Wis-
dome; The Pismire, the Gra-
shopper, the Coney, and the Spi-
der.

For Providence, they are the *Pismires*
of the world: and having nothing but
what grass affords them, are yet for al-
most all Provisions, the Store-house of
the whole of *Christendom*. What is it
which there may not be found in plenty?
They making by their industry all the
fruits of the vast Earth their own. What
Land can boast a priviledge that they do
not partake of? They have not of their
own enough materials to compile one
ship; Yet how many Nations do they
furnish? the remoter angles of the world
do by their pains deliver them their
sweets: and being of themselves in want,
their diligence hath made them both *In-*
dies nearer home.

B 7

They

They are frugal to the saving of Egg-shells, and maintain it for a Maxime, That a thing lasts longer mended then new.

Their *Cities* are their *Made-bills*, their *Schutes* and *Flyboats* creep and return with their store for Winter; every one is busie and carries his grain; as if every City were a several *Hive*, and the *Bees* not permitting a drone to inhabit; For idle persons must finde some other mansion. And lest necessity bereave men of means to set them on work, there are publick Banks, that (without use) lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a season when the *Pismires* fly, and so each *Sommer* they likewise *swarm* abroad with their Armies.

The *Ant*, says one, is a wise creature, but a shrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard. And truly so are they. For they look upon others too little, and upon themselves too much. And wheresoever they light in a pleasant or rich soyl, like suckers and tower plants, they rob from the root of that tree which gives them shade and

and protection, so their wisdom is not indeed Heroick or Numnial; as Courting an Universal Good; But rather narrow and restrictive; As being a wisdom but for themselves, which to speak plainly, is descending into Craft; and is but the sinister part of that which is really Noble and Coelestiall.

Nay in all they hold so true a proportion with the *Emmet*, as you shall not find they want so much as the King.

For dwelling in Rocks they are Conies. And while the *Spanish* tumbler plays about them, they rest secure in their own inaccessible berries. Where have you under heaven, such impregnable Fortifications? Where art beautifies nature, and nature makes are invincible: Here indeed they differ: The Conies find Rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of *Moses*, They raise them in the bosom of the waves, where within these twenty years, ships furrowed in the pathless Ocean, the peaceful plough now unbowels the fertile

tile earth, which at night is carried home to the fairest Mansions in *Holland*.

Every town hath his Garrison; and the Keys of the Gates in the night-time are not trusted but in the State-house. From these holds they bolt abroad for provisions, and then return to their fastnesses replenished.

For war they are Grashoppers, and without a King go forth in bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themselves at their own home, but have braved the *Spaniard* at his. In *An. 1599.* under the command of *van der Does*, was the Grand Canary taken. The chief City sackt, the King of *Spain*'s Ensigns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency set up in their room. In the year 1600. the battel of *Nieuport* was a gallant piece, when with the loss of a thousand or little more, they slew 7000. of their enemies; took above 100. Ensigns, the Admiral of *Arragon* a prisoner. The very furniture of the Arch Duke's own Chamber and Cabinet, yea, the signet that belonged to his hand. In

In 1607. they assailed the *Armado* of Spain in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, under covert of the Castle and Towns Ordnance, and with the loss of 150 flew above 2000 and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath ever scarce been done. The *Indian* Mastiff never was more fierce against the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his blood then they.

There hardly is upon earth such a School of Martial Discipline. 'Tis the Christian worlds *Academy* for Arms, whither all the Neighbour-nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how unresistible a blow many small grains of powder will make, being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practice of Arms; and they learn to be souldiers sooner then men. Nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the train'd-bands marching through their Cities.

For

For industry, they are *Spiders*, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the *Roman* Emperor; And by the *Romans* themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; Their Merchants are at this day the greatest of the Universe. What Nation is it where they have not insinuated? Nay, which they have not almost anatomized, and even discovered the very intrinick veins on't?

Even among us, they shame us with their industry, which makes them seem as if they had a faculty from the world's Creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds, which we cannot recover, and chase back *Neptune* to his own old Banks.

All that they do is by such labour as it seems extracted out of their own bowels. And in their wary thrift, they hang by such a slender sustentation of life, that one would think their own weight should be enough to crack it.

Want

Want of Idleness keeps them from
want. And tis their diligence makes
them Rich.

A fruitful Soil encreaseh the Harvest.
A plentiful Sunne augmenteth the Store;
And seasonable showres drop fatness on
the Crop we reap. But no Rain fructi-
fies more then the dew of Sweat.

You would think being with them
you were in old *Israel*, for you find not a
beggar among them. Nor are they mind-
ful of their own alone; but strangers also
partake of their care and bounty. If they
will depart, they have money for their
convoy. If they stay, they have work
provided. If unable, they find an Hospi-
tal. Their Providence extends even
from the Prince to the catching of flies.
And lest you lose an afternoon by fruit-
less mourning, by two of the Clock all
business must end. Wherein to prevent
the wast of ground, they pile Coffin up-
on Coffin til the Sepulchre be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a
truth and constancy, for they are as fruits
from

from trees, the same every year that they are at first; Not apples one year and crab the next; and so for ever after. In the sale of these they also are at a word, they will gain rather then exact, and have not that way wherby our Citizens abuse the wise and cozen the ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for commodities proclaim to the World that they would cheat all if it were in their power.

The depravation of Manners they punish with contempt, but the defects of Nature they favor with charity. Even their *Bedlam* is a place so curious, that a Lord might live in it; Their *Hospitals* might lodge a Lady: So that safely you may conclude, amongst them even Poverty and Madness do both inhabit handsomely. And though Vice makes every thing turn sordid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as they would shew, that though obedience be a tail, yet Government must be still it self and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their *Bridewel*, will think it may receive

receive a Gentleman though a Gallant.
 And so their prison a wealthy Citizen.
 But for a poor man, 'tis his best policy to
 belaid there; for he that cast him in must
 maintain him.

Their Language though it differ from
 the higher *Germany*, yet hath it the same
 ground, and is as old as *Babel*. And albeit
 harsh, yet so lofty and full a tongue as
 made *Goropius Becanus* maintain it for
 the speech of *Adam* in his Paradise. And
 surely if there were not other reasons
 against it, the significancy of the Ancient
Teutonick might carry it from the pri-
 mest Dialect. *Stevin* of *Bruges* reckons
 up 2170 Monosyllables, which being
 compounded, how richly do they grace
 a Tongue? A Tongue that for the gene-
 ral profession is extended, further then
 any that I know. Through both the
Germanis, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*,
 and some times *Fraace*, *England*, *Spain*.
 And still among us' all our word, are
Dutch, with yet so little change, that cer-
 tainly it is in a manner the same that it

was 2000 years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of the neighbor Nations.

The *Germans* are a people that more than all the world I think may boast sincerity, as being for som thousand of years a pure & unmixed people. And surely it is not but their conduction by *Tuiscō* from the building of *Babel* may pass as unfuted Story, they yet retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and numerous people, having ever kept their own, and transported Colonies into other Nations. In *Italy* were the *Longobards*; in *Spain* the *Goths* and *Vandalls*; in *France* the *Franks* or *Franconians*; in *England* the *Saxons*: having in all these left reverent Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as *Tacitus* hath left still extant of them, and writ ten above fifteen hundred years ago: *Deliberant dum fingere nesciunt: Constituunt dum errare non possunt.* They deliberate when they can

not

not dissemble : and resolve when they cannot erre.

Two hundred and ten years the Romans were in conquering them. In which space on either side were the losses sad and fatal. So as neither the Samnites, the Carthaginians, the Spaniards, the Gauls, no nor the Parthians ever troubled them like the Germans. They slew and took prisoners several Commanders of the highest rank, as Carbo, Cassius, S. Caurus Aurelius, Cerevilius Cepio, and M. Manlius. They defeated five Consular Armies, and Varus with three legions, yet after all this he concludes, *Triumphasti magis quam victi sunt*. They were rather triumphed over then conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own language is an argument unanswerable. The change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquished, as we may see it did in Italy, France, Spain, England. And this he speaks of the Nation in general: nor was the opinion of the Romans less worthy in particular concerning

nnngi

ning these lower Provinces, which made the
 them for their valor and warlike minds the
 stile them by the name of *Gallia Belgica*, un
 and especially of the *Batavians*, which
 were the *Hollanders* and part of *Guelders*. rav
 You may hear in what honourable terms pre
 he mentions them, where speaking of the rea
 several people of *Germany*, he says, *O-* pin
mnium harum Gentium virtute princip Te
Batavi: Nam nec tributis contemnuntur, lov
nec publicanus atterit: exempti oneribus & mi
Collationibus, & tantum in usum praelio wi
rum seposuit, velut tela atque Arma Bel- ha
lis reservantur. Of all these Nations the M
 principal in valiant vertue are the *Bata-* M
wians; for neither are they become despi- ov
 cable by paying of tribute, nor oppressed fir
 too much by the Farmor of publick Re- m
 venues, but free from taxes and contri- th
 butions of servility; they are specially ne
 set apart for the fight, as Armor and cu
 Weapons only reserved for War. no
 cu

All this even at this day they seem to
 make good. For of all the world they are
 the people that thrive and grow rich by
 the

the war, like the *Porcipesce*, that plays in the storm, but at other times keeps sober under the water.

War which is the worlds ruine, and ravins upon the beauty of all, is to them prosperity and ditation. And surely the reason of this is their strength in shipping, the open Sea, their many fortified Towns and the Country by Reason of its lowness and plentiful irrigation becoming unpassable for an army when the winter but approaches. Otherwise it is hardly possible that so small a parcell of Mankind, should brave the most potent Monarch of Christendom, who in his own hands holds the Mines of the wars sinews Money, and hath now got a command so wide, that out of his Dominions the Sun can neither rise nor set.

The whole seventeen Provinces are not above thousand English miles in circuit. And in the States hands there is not 7. of those. Yet have they in the field sometimes 60000 Souldiers, besides those which they always keep in Garri-
C
son,

son, which cannot be but a considerable number neer thirty thousand. There being in the whole Countries above two hundred wall'd Towns and Cities. So that if they have people for the War, one would wonder where they should get mony to pay them; They being, when they have an army in the field, at a thousand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Excise is an unwasted Mine, which with the Infiniteness of their Traffick, and their untired industry, is by every part of the World in something or other contributed to.

The Sea yields them by two sorts of Fish only, *Herrings* and *Cod*, sixty thousand pound *per annum*; for which they go out sometimes seven or eight hundred boats at once, and for greater ships, they are able to set out double the number.

Their Merchandise amounted in *Guicciardines* time to fourteen millions *per annum*. Whereas *England*, which is in compass almost as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not

a bove fix millions yearly; so sedulous are these Bees to labour and enrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, so the women are busie on land in weaving of Nets, and helping to adde to the heap. And though a husbands long absence might tempt them to lascivious ways; yet they hate adoltery, and are resolute in Matrimonial chastity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any great Lady of that nation, that hath bin taxt with looseness. And questi onless 'tis, their ever being busie, makes them have no leisure for lust.

'Tis idleness that is *Cupid's* Nurse; but business breaks his Bow, and makes his arrows useles.

They are both Merchants and Farmers. And there act parts, which men can but discharge with us. As if they would shew that the Soul in all is masculine, and not varied in to weaker sex as are the bodies that they wear about them.

Whether this be from the nature of
C 2 their

their Country, in which if they be not laborious they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of people by a Superiour Providence adapted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custome in their way of breeding; from any Transcendency of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like people in a City besieged, whereby their own vertues do more compact and fortifie; I will not determine. But certainly in general they are the most painful and diligent people on earth: And of all other the most truly of *Vespasians* opinion, to think, that *Ex re qualibet bonus odor lucris*; Be it raised from what it will, the smell of gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some sort Gods, for they set bounds to the Sea: and when they list let it pass them. Even their dwellings is a miracle. They live lower then the fishes. In the very lap of the floods, and incircled in their watry arms. They are the *Israelites* passing through the Red Sea.

Sea. The waters wall in them, and if they set ope their sluices shall drown up their enemies.

They have 'strugled long with *Spains Pharaoh*, and they have at length inforced him to let them go. They are a *Gideons* Army upon the march again. They are the *Indian* Rat, gnawing te bowels of the *Spanish Crocodile*, to which they got when he gap'd to swallow them. They are a serpent wreathed about the legs of that *Elephant*. They are the little *Swordfish* pricking the belly of the *Whale*. They are the wane of that *Empire*, which increas'd in *Isabella*, and in *Charles* te fiftth was at full.

They are a glass wherein Kings may see that though they be Sovereignes over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon Gods part, and will be Kings over conscience too, they are sometimes punished with losse of that which lawfully is their own. That Religion too fiercely urg'd to stretch a string till it not onely jars, but cracks; and in the breaking,

king, whips (perhaps) the streiners eye out.

That an extreme taxation is to take away the hony while the Bees keep the Hive, whereas he that would Inke that, should first either burn them, or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government are te greatest Traitors to their own States. That a desire of being too absolute is to walk upon *Pinaeles* and the tops of *Piramydes*, where not only the footing is ful of hazard, but even the sharpness of that they tread on may run into their foot an wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but tickle Subjects, is to press a thorn till it prick your finger. That nothing makes a more desperate Rebell than a Prerogative inforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off, but together with life. That they which will command more than they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

That moderate Princes fit faster in their

their Regalities, than such as being but
 men, would yet have their power over
 their Subjects, as the Gods unlimited.
 That oppression is an iron heat till it
 burns the hand. That to debar some Sta-
 tes of *antient Priviledges*, is for a Falcon
 to undertake to beat a flock of Wild
 geese out of the Fens. That to go about
 to compell a sullen reason to submit to a
 willfull peremptoriness, is so long to beat
 a chain'd mastiff into his kennell, till at
 last he turns and flies at your throat. That
 unjust policy is to shoot as they did at
Ostend, into the mouth of a charged Ca-
 non, to have two Bullets returned for
 one. That he doth but indanger himself,
 that riding with too weak a Bit, provo-
 kes a head-strong horse with a spur.
 That 'tis safer to meet a valiant man wea-
 ponless, then almost a coward in Armor.
 That even a weak cause with a strong
 Castle, wil boil salt blood to a rebellious
 Itch. That 'tis better keeping a Crazy
 body in an equal temper, than to anger
 humors by too sharp a Physick.

That Admonitions from a dying man are too serious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain that is not impossible. That a Cobler of *Ulushing* was one of the greatest enemies that the King of *Spain* ever had.

To conclude, the Country it self is a Moted Castle, keeping a Garnish of the richest Jewels of the world in't ; The Queen of *Bohemia* an her Princely Children.

The people in it are Jews of the New Testament that have exchanged nothing but the Law for the Gospel; and this they rather profess then practice. Together a Man of War riding at *Anchor* in the Downs of *Germany*.

For forein Princes to help them is wise self-policy. When they have made them able to defend themselves against *Spain*, they are at the Pale, if they enable them to offend others they go beyond it. For questionless, were this thorn out of the *Spaniards* side, he might be feared too soon to grasp his long intended

ded Monarchy. And were the *Spaniard* but possessed Lord of the Low-Countries, or had the States but the wealth & power of *Spain*, the rest of *Europe* might be like people at Sea in a Ship on fire: that could only chuse whether they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their Neighbours. So *Rome* when busied in her civil broils, the *Parthians* lived at rest; but those concluded once, by, *Cæsar* next are they designed for Conquest.

If any man wonder at these contraries, let him look in his own body for as many several humors. In his own brain for as many different Fancies. In his own heart for as various passions; and from all these he may learn. That there is not in all the world such another Beast as *Man*.

F I N I S.

A Perfect
DESCRIPTION
Of the
P E O P L E
And
COUNTRY
Of
SCOTLAND.

.21 M 17

A perfect DESCRIPTION of SCOTLAND.

First, for the Countrey, I must confesse it is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others, to be at the charge to conquer it. The Air might be wholsom, but for the stinking people that inhabit it, the ground might befruitful had theyr wit to manure it.

Their Beasts be generally small, women only excepted, of which sort there are none greater in the whole world. There is great store of Fowl, too, as foul houses, foul sheets, foul linen, foul dishes and pots, foul trenchers, and napkins; with which sort, we have been forced to say, as the children did with their fowl in the wilderness. They have good store of fish too, and good for those that can eat it raw; but if it come once into their hands, it is worse than if it were three days old: For their Butter and Cheese, i will not meddle withal at this time; nor no man else at any time that loves his life.

They have great store of Deer, but they are so far from the place where I have been, that I hat rather believe, than go to disprove it : I confess, all the Deer I met withal, was dear Lodgings, dear Horse-meat, and dear Tobaco, and English Beer.

As for fruit, for their Grandfire *Adams* fake they never planteyd any; and for other Trees, had *Christ* been betrayed in this Country, (as doubtless he should, had he come as a stranger) *Judas* had sooner found the Grace of Repentance, than a tree to hang himself on.

They have many hills, wherein they say is much treasure, but they shew none of it; Nature hath only discovered to them some Mines of Coal, to shew to what end he created them.

I saw little grasse, but in their Pottage: the Thistle is not given of nought, for it is the fairest flower in their Garden. The word Hay is Heathen-Greek unto them; neither man nor beast knows what it means.

Corn

Corn is reasonable plenty at this time, for since they heard of the Kings coming, it hath been as unlawful for the common people to eat Wheat, as it was in the old time for any, but the Priests; to eat shew-bread. They prayed much for his coming, and long fasted for his welfare; but in the more plain sense, that he might fare the better: all his followers were welcom, but his guard; for those they say are like *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, and threaten death wheresoever they come; they could perswade the Footmen, that oaten cakes would make them long-winded: and the children of the Chappel they have brought to eat of them, for the maintenance of their voices.

They say our Cooks are too sawcy, and for Grooms and Coachmen they wish them to give to their Horses no worse then they eat themselves; they commend the brave minds of the Pensioniers, & te Gentlemen of the Bed-Chambers, which choose rather to go to Taverns,

verns, then to be always eating of the Kings provision, they likewise do commend the Yeomen of the Buttery and Cellar, for their readines and silence, in that they will hear 20 knocks, before they will answer one. They perswade the Trumpeters that fasting is good for men of that quality; for emptiness, they say, causes winde, and winde causes a Trumpet to sound well.

The bringing of Heralde, they say, was a needless charge, they all know their pedigrees well enough, and the Harbingers might have been spared, seeing they brought so many Beds with them; and of two evils, since the least should be chosen. They wish the beds might remain with them, and poor Harbingers keep their places, and do their office, as they return. His Hangings they desire might likewise be left as Reliques, to put them in mind of His Majesty; and they promise to dispense with the wooden Images, but for those graven Images in his new beautified Chappel, they threaten to pull

pull down soon after his departure, and to make of them a burnt offering, to appease the indignation they imagined conceived against them in the Breast of the Almighty, for suffering such idolatry to enter into their Kingdom; the Organ, I think, will find mercy, because (as they say) there is some affinity between them and the Bag-pipes.

The Skipper that brought the singing men with their Papistical Vestments, complains that he hath been much troubled with a strange singing in his head, ever since they came aboard his ship. For remedy whereof the Parson of the Parish hath perswaded him to sell that prophane Vessel, and to distribute the money among the faithfull Brethren.

For his Majesties entertainment, I must needs ingeniously confess, he was received into the Parish of *Edinburgh*, (for a City I cannot call it) with great shouts of joy, but no shews of charg for Pageants; they hold them idolatrous things, and not fit to be used in so reformed

med a place; from the Castle they gave him som pieces of Ordnance, which surely he gave them since he was King of *England*, and at the entrance of the town they presented him with a golden Basson, which was carried before him on mens shouldiers to his Palace, I think, from whence it came. His Majesty was convey'd by the Younkers of the Town, which were about 100 Halberds, (dearly shall they rue it, in regard of the charge) to the Cross and so to the high Church where the only bell they had stood on tip toe to behold his sweet face; where I must intreat you to spare him, for an hour I lost him.

In the mean time to report the Speeches of the people concerning his never-exampled entertainment, were to make his discourse too tedious unto you, as the Sermon was to those that were constrained to endure it. After the Preachment he was conducted by the same Halberds unto his Palace, of which I forbear to speak, because it was a place sanctified by his

his divine Majesty, only I wish it had been better walled for my friends sake that waited on him.

Now I will begin briefly to speak of the people according to their degrees and qualities; For the Lords Spiritual, they may well be termed so indeed, for they are neither Fish nor Flesh, but what it shall please their earthly God, the King, to make them. Obedience is better then Sacrifice, and therefore they make a mock at Martyrdom, saying. That Christ was to die for them, and not they for him. They will rather subscribe then surrender, and rather dispense with small things, then trouble themselves with great disputation; they will rather acknowledge the King to be their head, then want wherewith to pampier their bodies.

They have taken great pains and trouble to compass their Bishopricks, and they will not leave them for a trifle; for the Deacon, whose defects will not lift them up to dignities, all their study is to disgrace them that have gotten the least

least degree above them ; and because they cannot Bishop, they proclaim they never heard of any. The Scriptures, say they, speak of Deacons and Elders, but not a word of Bishops. Their Discourses are full of detraction ; their Sermons nothing but railing ; and their Conclusions nothing but Heresies and Treasons. For their Religion they have, confess they have it above reach, and God-willing I will never reach for it.

They christen without the Cross, marry without the Ring, receive the Sacrament without reverence, die without repentance, and bury without divine Service ; they keep no Holy-days, nor acknowledge any Saint but *S. Andrew*, who they said got that honor by presenting Christ with an oaten cake after his forty days fast. They say likewise, that he that translated the Bible was the son of a Maulster, because it speaks of a miracle done by Barley-Loaves, whereas they swear they were Oaten Cakes, and that no other bread of that quantity could have

have sufficed so many thousands. They use no prayer at all, for they say it is needless, God knows their minds without prating; and what he doth, he loves to do it freely. Their Sabbaths exercise, is a preaching in the forenoon, and a persecuting in the afternoon; they go to Church in the forenoon to hear the Law, and to the crags and mountains in the afternoon to louz themselves.

They hold their Noses if you talk of Bear-baiting, and stop their Ears if you speak of Play: Fornication they hold but a pastime, wherein mans ability is approved, and a womans fertility is discovered; At Adultery they shake their heads; Theft they rail at Mur ther they wink at; and Blasphemy they laugh at; they think it impossible to lose the way to Heaven if they can but leave *Rome* behind them.

To be opposite to the Pope, is to be presntly with God; to conclude, I am perswaded, that if God and his Angels at the last day, should come down in their whitest

whiest Garments, they would run away
and cry. The Childeren of the Chappell
are come again to torment us, let us flee
from the abomination of these boys, and
hide our selves in the Mountains.

For the Lords temporal and Spiritual
temporizing, Gentlemen, if I were apt to
speak of any, I could not speak much of
them; only I must let you know they are
not Scottishmen, for as soon as they fall
from the breast of the beast their mother of;
their careful fire posts them away for
France, which as they pass, the Sea sucks
from them that which they have sucked
from their rude dams; there they gather
new flesh, new blood, new manners and
there they learn to put on their cloaths,
and then return, into their Countreys, to
wear them out; there they learn to stand,
speak, discourse and congee, to court
Women, and to complement with Men.

They spared for no Cost to honor the
King, nor for na. complemental Curtesie
to welcom their Countrymen; their fol-
lowers are their fellows, their wives, their
Slaves, tak

va slaves, their Horses, their Masters, and
 p their swords their Judges; by reason whe-
 fire of, they have but few laborers, and tho-
 are not very rich: their Parliaments hold
 but three Dayes, their Statutes 3. Lines,
 and their Suits are determined in a Man-
 ner in three Words, or very few more.
 of The Wonders of their Kingdom are
 an these; The Lord Chancellor, he is belie-
 fayed; the Master of the Rolls, well spokē
 er of; and the whole Councel, who are the
 for Judges for all causes, are free from suspi-
 cion of corruption. The Country, al-
 though it be mountainous, affords no
 Monsters but Women, of which, the
 nd greatest sort (as Countesses and Ladies)
 hs are kept like Lions in Iron grates; the
 to Merchants wives are also prisoners, but
 d, not in so strong a hold; they have woode
 in Cages, like our Boar Franks, through
 n which sometimes peeping to catch te Air,
 he we are almost choaked with the sight of
 sy them; the greatest madness amongst the
 ol-men, is Jealousie; in thta they fear what no
 ein man that hath but two of his senses will
 es, take from them.

The

The Ladies are of opinion, that *Susanna* could not be chaste, because she bathed so often. Pride is a thing bred in their bones, and their flesh naturally abhors cleanliness; their breath commonly stinks of Pottage, their linen of Piss, their hands of pigs Turds, their body of sweat, and their Splay-feet never offend in Socks. To be chained in marriage with one of them, were to be tyed to a dead carcass, and cast into a stinking ditch; Formosity, and a dainty face, are things they dream not of.

The Oyntments they most frequently use amongst them are Brimstone and Butter for the Scab, and Oyl of Bays, and Staveacre. I protest, I had rather be the meanest servant of the two of my Pupils Chamber-maids, then to be the Master-Minion to the fairest Countess I have yet discovered. The sin of curiosity of oyntments is but newly crept into the Kingdom, and I do not think will long continue.

To draw you down by degrees from
the Citizens Wives, to the Countrey
Gentlewomen, and convey you to com-
mon Dames in Seacoal lane, that con-
verse with Rag and Marrow - bones,
are things of Mineral race; every whore
in *Houndsditch* is an *Helena*; and the Gre-
asie Dames in comparison of these.
And therefore to conclude, the men of
old did no more wonder, that the great
Messias should be born in so poor a town
as *Betblem* in *Judea*, then I do wonder
that so brave a Prince as King *James*,
should be born in so stinking a Town as
Edinburgh, in lowsie *Scotland*.

F I N I S.

